

OUR HEROES

# Patriotic Poems on Men, Women and Sayings

—OF—

# THE NEGRO RACE.

By GEORGE C. ROWE,

PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

1890.

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## PREFACE.

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THESE poems are all based on historical fact, which, in every case, can be substantiated. The object for which they are presented to the public, is to inform our people that there is much unwritten history, of noble deeds, inspiring sayings, and of true manhood and womanhood, undiscovered ; and to create that race pride which is necessary to the growth, progress, and prosperity of any people.

Trusting that this volume may prove an inspiration to many ; and hoping that the success of this, may warrant the issue, from time to time, of other volumes of a series now in contemplation.

I am, for the elevation of the Race,

Yours ever,

GEORGE C. ROWE.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE rapid progress which our people have made in the preparation and publication of books is one of the indisputable evidences of culture and refinement. Twenty-five years ago, comparatively speaking, we were in total literary darkness, but now there are thousands and thousands of cultured men and women in all sections of our country striving earnestly for the elevation of an oppressed race. Our scholars are at work in all departments of human knowledge. Many are teaching in our schools and colleges; many attending the sick and dying with more than ordinary medical skill; many with learning and eloquence, pleading at the bar of Justice; many grappling with the abstruse problems of the sciences; historians of marvellous patience and prodigious research are bringing to the light of this century the heroic deeds and wonderful achievements of our ancestors, and the poet, with almost Divine inspiration, has thrown his illuminating rays upon the characters of our heroes, and, with the skill of an artistic hand, has woven the threads into a tale of beauty and melody, at once touching, inspiring and sublime. Parents will do well to put these songs of the poet into the hands of their children.

J. H. M. POLLARD,

*Rector of St. Mark's Church, Charleston, S. C.*

June 9th, 1890.



TO  
OUR HEROES,  
COURAGEOUS, PATRIOTIC, NOBLE :  
THIS VOLUME  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

---

Our Heroes ! dead and living :  
Courageous, noble, pure !  
In war and peace aspiring !  
Their memory shall endure !  
GEO. C. ROWE.

## OUR HEROES.

---

Muse, record on History's pages,  
And of noble service tell :  
That our race, in future ages,  
May with swelling bosoms dwell  
On the valor of our heroes,  
Fearless men of Afric race,  
Who for justice and for freedom,  
Fought, and won an honored place.

For their history is unwritten,  
It lies buried in the soil  
With their generous blood besprinkled,  
And made fertile by their toil !  
It lies buried in the City  
Of the Dead, on hill and plain !  
With their bones ! Ah ! God in pity !  
Grant that they may rise again.

Rise and shine on memory's tablet  
With a lustre dazzling, bright,—  
Circled with a brilliant chaplet,  
Radiant as the stars of night !  
Sound the trump of resurrection !  
Bid the perished thousands live !  
Send abroad the proclamation—  
To the world their record give !



Tell of Boston, and of Concord,  
Lexington and Bunker Hill,  
Burnish bright the noble record,  
Fill the pages full, until  
Not a valiant deed is perished,  
Not a patriotic word :  
Heroism must be cherished !  
Of the brave who bear the sword !

Tell of Attucks and of Salem,  
And of unnamed warriors grand,  
The five thousand valiant soldiers\*  
Fighting for the native land  
Of their children—not their fathers !  
Willing to baptize in blood :  
Hoping not for earthly honors,—  
Sacrifice to Freedom's God !

---

\*Five thousand negro soldiers, is the official number reported as bearing arms in the Continental army.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

---

'Twas not in vain he lived and died ;  
'Twas not in vain his blood was shed ;  
    His spirit still survives :  
The brave, of every race and clime—  
In memory's chamber, for all time—  
    The martyr-hero lives.

He died? Nay, laid him down and slept ;  
And angels bright their vigils kept  
    Around the patriot's bed.  
For love he laid his treasure down—  
The love of freedom was his crown—  
    He sleeps ; he is not dead.

Brave Attucks ! how his honor's shine !  
We build for him a glorious shrine !  
    His memory will not fade,  
So long as History's pages stand,  
Of this our free and favored land,  
    A tribute shall be paid

To Attucks, for his valiant deed ;  
To Attucks brave, his blood the seed  
    First planted in this soil,  
To nourish freedom, and secure  
For every man while years endure,  
    Freedom in life and toil.



But who was Attucks? Afric's son ;  
Who toiled for years, but never won  
    A freeman's just reward.  
A man of stature, strong and brave,  
Yet held in bondage as a slave,  
    By men who worshipped God.

By men who felt the galling yoke,  
Of motherland ; whose ire awoke  
    Against the tyrant's power ;  
Who cry—Injustice ! when the claim  
For tax is pressed ; and loud declaim—  
    We're robbed of rightful dower !

To force her claims, the motherland  
In ships of war, moored at the strand  
    Of this, her new estate ;  
She stationed men in old King Street.  
These soldiers insolently treat  
    The people of the State.

While men of wisdom gathered round,  
Seeking to know where might be found,  
    Deliverance from the foe,—  
How to throw off the British yoke,  
A swarthy negro fearless spoke—  
    And struck the primal blow.

Ah ! yes, 'tis Attucks ! strong and bold,  
Like giants in the days of old,  
    Who on to conflict led—  
"This is the nest ! Strike the main guard !  
Strike at the root !" and strike it hard !  
    No need of fear and dread !

Then rushed he forward to the fray,  
Fearless and swordless, charged that day  
    Upon the British band—  
To make a way for Liberty,  
Which he was destined ne'er to see  
    In this heaven-favored land.

The blow is struck ! and then the sound—  
The roar of battle shakes the ground !  
    And Attucks is no more !  
No more ? a *hero's* wreath is thine !  
Around *thee* deathless laurels twine,  
    And fame from shore to shore !

\* \* \* \* \*

He lies in state in Faneuil Hall ;  
Yes ; there upon the sable pall  
    Lies Attucks, true and brave ;  
And, as the people drop a tear,  
In gratitude, upon his bier,  
    They cry—He's not a slave !



And others fell with him that day,  
And lie beside,—Caldwell, and Gray,  
And Maverick, and Carr.  
They lay them gently in *one* grave,  
A constellation of the brave !  
A bright historic star !

'Twas not in vain our hero died ;  
'Twas not in vain his blood was shed ;  
His *spirit* still survives ;  
The brave, of every race and clime—  
In memory's chamber, for all time—  
The martyr-hero lives !

PETER SALEM.

---

It is a clear and cloudless day,  
The summer sun is high ;  
The midday-zephyrs gently play  
Beneath the azure sky ;  
The air is laden with perfume,  
Of summer flowers in radiant bloom.

The birds are singing joyfully  
Within the woodland vales ;  
The kine are browsing peacefully  
Over the hills and dales ;  
It is an hour serene and blest,  
It seems an hour of perfect rest.

While beauty lingers everywhere,  
The heart of man is sad ;  
All nature has, in beauty rare,  
No power to make him glad :  
The foe is standing at the gate !  
It the nation's day of fate !

Behind the trench, on Bunker Hill,  
New England patriots stand,  
While in the distant city towers  
The fairest of the land,  
Who watch the scene with anxious heart—  
To-day must many love ones part.

Now listen to the sullen roar  
Of the artillery !  
And strains of martial music soar  
To thrill and nerve to die—  
To smite the foe with valiant hand,  
To die for home, and native land !

The plumes of warriors gaily dance ;  
The banners gleam and wave !  
The sod o'er which they now advance  
Will prove ere long the grave  
Of nigh two thousand stalwart men  
Who hoped to reach their homes again.

The sword is flashing from its sheath,  
The bristling bayonets gleam ;  
The solid earth the sward beneath,  
Trembles to tread of men—  
Of soldiers true, in war array,  
Marching to doom and death that day !

Swiftly upon a gallant steed,  
A single horseman rides,  
To ask—"Where is the greatest need."  
And where the strongest tides  
Of war and battle will roll in :  
"At the redoubts it will begin !"



Away he gallops to the post  
Where special danger lay,  
To the intrenchments, where a host  
Impatient of delay,  
Sternly resolve to do and die,  
To seal their country's destiny!

With fearless step the foe advance—  
How anxious is that hour!—  
With musket, bayonet and lance,  
And mien of conscious power.  
The order passes down the line:—  
“ Reserve your fire till proper time ! ”

A silence grim o'erhangs the scene,  
A silence, deep and chill ;  
But a few paces intervene  
The breastworks on the hill :  
The order “ Fire ! ” rang clear and loud,  
And on the instant burst a cloud.

Out of that cloud a rain of lead,  
Which swept the foemen down—  
There lie five hundred soldiers dead,  
All heaped upon the ground.  
They charge the battlements again,  
They rush to death, and charge in vain !

The battle raged on Bunker Hill,  
With fury, long and wild;  
And trickling downward like a rill  
The blood the land defiled;  
And on the air we catch the breath  
Of war and carnage and of death!

But reinforcements now appear,  
And quick for battle form,  
Then proudly, grandly they draw near  
Amid a leaden storm.  
It is of moments the supreme—  
A hero enters on the scene.

Towering above the parapets  
Pitcairn, the major, stands:  
“Come on! the day is ours!” he shouts,  
And proudly waves his hands.  
While patriots stood in awe and dread—  
Brave Salem shot the leader dead!

\* \* \* \* \*

The day has passed full many a year  
Since Bunker Hill was fought;  
And 'tis with pride that now we hear  
No braver deed was wrought  
By men who in the redoubt lay,  
Than Peter Salem wrought that day!



Warren, we write with special pride,  
Putnam and Prescott brave,  
But proudly with them we inscribe  
Salem, the negro slave !  
For whom arose bright Freedom's star  
When he enlisted for the war.

A stately shaft on Bunker Hill  
Withstands the test of time,  
Proudly it tells, and ever will,  
To men of every clime,  
That *all* who shared an honored part,  
Are cherished in the nation's heart.

*Postscript :*

In eighteen-sixteen he laid down  
To sleep in mother earth,  
Within the limits of the town  
Where he was given birth.  
At Saratoga, Bunker Hill,  
Concord,—his spirit liveth still !

In eighteen hundred eighty-two  
The town of Framingham,  
To keep his memory fresh and new—  
This patriotic man—  
Placed a memorial o'er the grave  
Of Salem true, the negro brave.



## TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

## HIS ANCESTRY.

A tribe surnamed the Arradas,  
Sojourned for years, on Africa's  
Southwestern coast.  
Men of physique and strength of mind,  
Excelling others of their kind  
Among a host.

Gaou-Gwinou, the chieftain's heir.  
Hunting the wild beast in his lair,  
With ruthless hand,  
Was seized, and hurried to the hold  
Of a black ship, thence to be sold  
By slaver band.

For Hayti's Isle, the ship was bound,  
Which years before the Spaniard s found—  
Luxuriant, fair.  
The land was rich in fruit and flower,  
Mountains and valleys—Nature's dower !  
Oh ! beauty rare !

The lofty ridge, the rocky height,  
Present a most inspiring sight,  
As tier on tier,  
Up to the clouds their heads arise  
Seeming to nestle in the skies,  
They disappear !

These look on flow'ry plains below,  
Where charming, sparkling rivers flow,  
    And fruits abound.  
While deep within the woodland glen,  
Too beautiful for tongue or pen,  
    We hear the sound

Of forest songsters, sweet and clear,  
Singing of joy and freedom here  
    For beast and bird ;  
But man, the image of his God,  
Must bear oppression's cruel rod,  
    From him is heard

The sigh, the groan, the sad complaint,  
Toiling and striving, sick and faint ;  
    Hope dying, dead.  
With wistful eye he scans the sea,  
Feeling that ocean's depth would be  
    A grateful bed.

Gaou-Gwinou was purchased here  
By a French prince, and many a year  
    He spent—a slave—  
Upon the Breda property ;  
And there he reared a family  
    And made his grave.

## HIS BOYHOOD.

His eldest son, Arradas' heir,  
Toussaint L'Overture, who there  
    Was given birth,  
In seventeen hundred forty-three,  
Was destined by the gods to be  
    A man of worth.

A slender boy, he grew apace ;  
A Prince-apparent of his race !  
    Most eagerly  
He sat him down at Learning's feast,  
His teacher, pious Pierre Baptiste  
    Exultingly

Taught him to read and write and pray,  
Some Latin, French, Geometry ;  
    To meditate,  
Upon the precious word of God,  
His name to magnify, and laud  
    His high estate.

To herd the sheep was his employ—  
This gentle, silent, thoughtful boy.  
    On mountain-wing  
With Nature vast his soul communed,  
His very being well attuned  
    Rich strains to sing.



Baptiste explained religious lore,  
Of many a saint long gone before,  
    Now hid in mist ;  
Of noble martyrs, who had died  
For Him who once was crucified—  
    Lord Jesus Christ.

His father taught of Fatherland,  
Loved Africa, torn from whose strand,  
    Long years ago,  
He, in the prime of manhood brave,  
From freedom, to become a slave,  
    Was forced to go.

HIS MANHOOD.

Thus, up to manhood he arose,  
A man of wisdom, strength, repose,  
    Integrity ;  
Beloved by all both far and near,  
Respected for his character  
    And industry.

Then he was married to Suzan,  
A help-meet true for such a man ;  
    For many years  
The loved companion of his life,  
Sharing his honors, toils and strife,  
    His hopes and fears.

In speaking of the life they led,  
This famous hero, proudly said :  
    " Upon our way  
To fields we went nor felt the weight  
Of toil, for love was our estate,  
    The livelong day.

God smiled upon us from above,  
Our pleasure was to show our love—  
    And grateful be,  
By helping those around in need—  
Sweet the reward for kindly deed—  
    " 'Tis unto me."

He saw with pain the cruel lot  
Of Brethren dear, and ne'er forgot  
    To humbly pray,  
That He, who calms the ocean's wave,  
Would bring deliverance to the slave,  
    And haste the day.

In reading, 'neath his gaze there fell  
Prophetic words, which long and well,  
    And thoughtfully,  
He pondered, for in them appear  
Visions of a deliverer  
    From slavery.

“ Where is the man whom Nature owes  
To her vexed children—the negroes ?

He will appear !  
With standard raised for liberty.  
Impetuous as a stormy sea,  
And conquer here.

He shall go forth, clothed on with strength,  
’Till Freedom’s path, its breadth and length,

We plainly trace ;  
And everywhere shall people bless  
This hero, who shall wrongs redress,  
For human race !”

Ah ! little did he realize  
That there revealed before his eyes,  
His destiny,  
Was written with the pen of Truth !  
Destined a martyr from his youth  
For liberty !

HIS PRIME.

The years pass on, and overhead,  
Portentious clouds of fear and dread,  
Obscure the sky !  
No ray of hope for bondmen sad,  
“ Whom gods destroy they first make mad !”  
Then seize their prey.



In seventeen hundred ninety-one,  
Mid-August at the set of sun,  
    There suddenly  
Appeared upon the evening sky  
A ruddy glow ; we hear the cry—  
    For liberty !

The horror of those days, no pen  
Can tell, of children, women, men,  
    Hurried to death !  
The masters tortured, shot and burned ;  
The slaves their hideous crimes returned ;  
    The very breath.

Of realms infernal filled the air !  
Nor cry, nor groan, nor pleading prayer,  
    Could stay the hand  
Of violence, 'twas deaths maelstrom !  
It seemed indeed the day of doom  
    Throughout the land !

From peaceful toil to take his place,  
As the deliverer of his race  
    Toussaint came forth.  
This is the man of prophecy,  
Who, for a noble destiny  
    Was given birth !

A leader-born, in manhood's prime,  
Called to command in God's own time,  
    When there was need ;  
Large-hearted, pure, magnanimous,  
His policy was glorious,  
    With noble deed !

And brightly shone his prosperous star,  
Red Mars, the harbinger of war,  
    On many a field !  
Confronted by the valiant band,  
Under his firm and steady hand,  
    The foemen yield !

His dauntless courage everywhere,  
His power with men, his wisdom rare,  
    Success assure.  
An inspiration is his name !  
With pride his followers exclaim :  
    L'Overture !

Yes, 'twas Toussaint L'Overture,\*  
Who boldly *opened* freedom's door  
    To Afric's son,  
Who met the men of Britain, Spain,  
In war-array, on hill and plain,  
    And nobly won !

---

\*L'Overture means—The Opening.

To win him o'er the British bring  
 Inducement—"Thou shalt be a king  
           Of great renown!"  
 To serve the race his heart desires!  
 To wreath of *Freedom* he aspires!  
           The richest crown!

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

The war is over; peace again  
 Discovers fields of fruit and grain,  
           In bounty rare!  
 Prosperity on every hand;  
 Free, happy toil, throughout the land!  
           Oh! vision fair!

New laws are made, and order reigns;  
 No more the clank of servile chains;  
           But far and near,  
 With one accord—"Our Governor,  
 Shall be Toussaint L'Overture!"  
           From all we hear.

This man is chosen for his life,  
 To govern Hayti, freed from strife,  
           And takes his place,  
 Among the rulers of the earth.  
*Destined to rule* e'en from his birth!  
           Again we trace!



How peaceful are the scenes that we  
Behold on every hand! how free

The people all!

'Tis Jubilee, the year of rest;  
Each one with royal bounty blessed,  
Both great and small.

But years pass on. The gathering cloud,  
The rolling peal of thunder loud,

Is seen and heard.

Oppression rears his hideous head,  
That hateful foe; the people's dread  
Is deeply stirred!

In eighteen one, great Bonaparte,  
Proud conqueror with a treacherous heart,  
Sent forth the word;

"That slavery in the Colonies,  
And in the French Dependencies,  
Shall be restored!"

Now consternation everywhere,  
And maledictions fill the air.

"For *liberty*!

We'll fight until the latest breath!  
We'll fight for freedom unto death  
Or victory!"

Then sixty ships from shores of France,  
On waves of ocean gaily dance,  
    With martial crew.  
"All France to St. Domingo comes!  
Ah! we must perish with our homes,"  
    Like morning dew!

LeClerc with thirty thousand men,  
Draws near and slays the garrison  
    Of Liberty.\*  
Holding the sons of brave Toussaint  
As hostages, he makes a feint  
    Of Amity.

"Surrender; and your sons remain!  
Refuse, we take them back again!  
    To misery!  
"Take back my sons!" the chief exclaimed;  
"I can not pay the ransom named—  
    Our liberty!"

Then reigned a carnival of blood!  
Wild revelry—a crimson flood  
    Was everywhere!  
The *sea* was red with human gore,  
For fifteen hundred blacks, and more,  
    Were slaughtered there!

---

\*Fort Liberty.

No quarter, now, for age or sex !  
The order is to slay and vex  
    The old and young.  
The rich and poor, of every race,  
Are, without warning, called to face  
    Death's fiery tongue !

Toussaint with burning eloquence,  
To deeds of valor in defence,  
    Inspired his men :  
' Remember that the cause of Right,  
Of Justice, Truth—a righteous fight—  
    Is sure to win !'

'Twas all in vain ! The Frenchmen found  
On St. Domingo's battle-ground,  
    And Hayti's field,  
A foe they could not overcome ;  
*They* fought for freedom and for home !  
    They would not yield !

" LeClerc in disappointment sore ;  
His troops discouraged, more and more,  
    Issues decree :  
" Each one who will refuse to fight,  
Shall have all privilege and right !  
    He shall be free !



Deceived; his brother Paul withdraws;  
Bellair, and gallant Maurepas  
    Submit to France!  
But brave Toussaint his *aid-de-camps*  
Valiant Christoph and Dessalaines  
    With sword advance!

A solemn message is received:  
The wise Toussaint is not deceived,  
    But fear awakes!  
To pacify his followers,  
With chief of Frenchmen he confers,  
    And treaty makes.

"Submit, and truly, I declare,  
Shall rights and freedom everywhere  
    Respected be!  
In rule my colleague thou shalt be;  
Full rank, and general amnesty,  
    And lenity."

"I might in mountains still remain,  
And harass thee on hill and plain  
    With brigand's shield;  
But constant bloodshed I disdain!  
I fought our freedom to maintain!  
    To terms I yield!"

He now retired to Ennery,  
Surrounded by his family,  
    For rest and peace.  
A valley, rich and beautiful  
Where Nature's gifts are bountiful—  
    A great increase.

The French, the aged chief annoyed,  
The soldiers wantonly destroyed  
    His property.  
His friends indignant recommend  
To rise in might, his rights defend—  
    His liberty.

He made reply to words of strife;  
“What if my liberty, my life,  
    Is from me shorn?  
My country's freedom is at stake!  
I can not now afford to make  
    My people mourn!

A letter couched in language fair,  
Invites our hero to repair  
    To Brunet's home:  
“Your welfare and the colony,  
My highest pleasure e'er shall be;  
    Believe me, come!”

Without a thought of treachery ;  
Trusting in his sincerity,  
Nor doubt, nor fear ;  
For love of country he goes forth,  
To treachery's hand, this man of worth,  
From freedom dear !

Received with honour and respect,  
Naught but good-will could he detect—  
A noble part !  
His host examined heartily  
The interests of the colony,  
With map and chart.

'Tis evening's hour, when suddenly  
Armed men appear, and forcibly,  
Before he wist,  
They seize the veteran with the word :  
"Surrender ! Death at point of sword  
If you resist !"

He rose to meet them in his might !  
'Tis useless—an unequal fight !  
No help is near.  
Such are Injustice's cruel laws !  
"Heaven will avenge my righteous cause !  
My God will hear !"



'Tis midnight. With his wife and child,  
Breast raging with a tempest wild,  
A storm of grief;  
Chained—manacled—the guards beside—  
Toussaint is hurried o'er the tide,  
Beyond relief!

Gazing farewell unto the shore,  
His home for years, but his no more,  
He said, with tears;  
“They have cut down the noble tree,  
The tree of Freedom, Liberty!  
But coming years

Shall see these rootlets sprout again!  
Many and deep on hill and plain,  
And valley broad!”  
His trust was in a higher power  
Than France could wield that treacherous hour,  
Jehovah! God!

Without a charge or just complaint,  
To Castle Joux they bear Toussaint  
A captive lone,  
Upon the verge of Switzerland,  
On Jura's height the castles stand  
On summit stone!

Here in the dreary dungeon cell,  
The brave Toussaint is forced to dwell  
    In misery !  
Damp, cold, and hunger, his compeers,  
Grim loneliness, and hideous fears,  
    Continually !

He wrote to General Bonaparte :  
" I served thy cause with my whole heart—  
    Fidelity,  
What is my crime ? Why do I dwell  
A prisoner in this loathsome cell ?  
    *My liberty !*

To these appeals no answers come ;  
No message from the loved at home  
    Glad news to tell !  
He sent a message to his wife  
Which never reached her in this life—  
    His last farewell !

Reduced by peril, hunger, cold,  
By longings that can ne'er be told ;  
    With failing breath ;  
He bowed beneath the heavy rod,  
With perfect trust and faith in God,  
    And slept in death !

A warrior true of great renown,  
A *hero, martyr*, him we crown !

*He led the van!*

His heaven-born soul to God has flown !

This world of ours has never known

A nobler man !

NOTE.—Toussaint died of starvation and exposure to cold in a cell, in Castle Joux, near the border of Switzerland, in 1803, at the age of 50 years. He was confined there eight months, and France refused to give him a trial or to answer his communications. Madame Toussaint sank under the weight of her great afflictions. Her health became very feeble, and at times her mind wandered.

When the power of Bonaparte was overthrown, and a new Government was introduced into France, a pension was granted for her support, and her two sons were released from prison. She died in their arms in 1816, thirteen years after the death of our hero.



FORT BLOUNT.

---

'Twas in the beauteous Land of Flowers,  
And many years ago :  
Secreted in the sylvan bowers  
Where birds flit to and fro,  
On Apalachicola's bank,  
Below the Georgia line—  
Now hid by reeds and rushes rank,  
And stately Southern pine—

There stood, in solitude, Fort Blount ;  
A menace to the foe—  
The enemy who dare attempt  
To forage from below.  
A refuge for the pioneer  
Pursued by Red Men bold ;  
And all who sought protection here,  
Secured a safe stronghold.

In Revolutionary days,  
The Fort was garrisoned.  
Parading there to martial lays,  
On steeds caparisoned,  
The gallant courtier and the knight  
With warlike spirit filled,  
To be prepared for instant fight,  
There practiced, fenced, and drilled.

After the war of eighteen-twelve,  
In eighteen and fifteen,  
When 'twixt the nations all was well,  
A change came o'er the scene :  
A little band of fugitives  
From bondage who had fled,  
Sought here a refuge for their wives,  
And for their children bread.

This band, full forty years before,  
Had fled from slavery ;  
Hoping, that when the war was o'er,  
To hold their liberty.  
They wandered South and made a home,  
Among the Cherokees,  
And back and forth for years they roam  
With Aborigines.

Thus, during nearly forty years  
Their wanderings we trace.  
Born where forest monarch rears  
His head in stately grace ;  
Free as the bird on buoyant wings,  
Gay, healthy, strong, and bold,  
Resembling, in their wanderings,  
The Israelites of old.

They find, what seems a place of rest,  
In nature's vast retreat—  
Like eagles on the mountain's crest—  
Repose, serene and sweet,  
Within the ramparts of Fort Blount,  
Decide to make a home ;  
“ Here in this fortress—Zion's Mount—  
We'll dwell for years to come !”

Within this seeming safe retreat,  
This band of fugitives  
Enjoyed their labor, truly sweet,  
Their simple, happy lives.  
Flocks roaming in the wilderness,  
Their gardens rich and green ;  
Each “ minding his own business,”  
A cheerful, restful scene.

They wist not that the foe ev'n then  
Was planning to enslave !  
That this retreat would prove to them  
No castle—but a grave !  
The slaver sought the Government  
To aid his black design,  
And readily the President  
Consented to the crime !



From Patterson, then in command  
Of fleet on Mobile Bay :  
“Reduce Fort Blount, is the demand !  
Go forth without delay !  
Loomis, on this grave enterprise,  
Entrusted unto thee,  
Thy future surely will depend,  
Prove thy ability !”

On Apalachicola's tide,  
War ships of great prowess  
Advance, in martial pomp and pride,  
To war on helplessness.  
They reach the Fort, and make demand :  
“No longer here remain !  
We come, the inmates to remand  
To slavery again !”

The messengers convey the word  
To those within the hold !  
While hearts with consternation stirred  
Outspoke a Patriarch bold :  
“No ! no ! their order we defy !”  
Each with united breath  
And patriotic spirit cry :  
“*Our liberty or death !*”

The Fleet began the cannonade,  
Great shot fell thick and fast ;  
But all in vain—no heed is paid ;  
And they resolve at last :  
“ Throw *hot shot* at the magazine !  
That will break up the nest ! ”  
It was a most infernal scheme !  
How shall I tell the rest ?

The *hot shot* reached the magazine !  
Within no thought of fear !  
Those sturdy heroes little dream  
Eternity is near !  
Hark ! hear that sound ! it rolls, and rolls !  
Destruction's heated breath !  
Alas ! *three hundred* valiant souls  
Find liberty in death !

---

NOTE.—The number killed by this explosion, officially reported by the officer in command, Executive document of the 13th Congress, was 270. It must have reached at least 300, as there were 315 souls within the fort, and only 15 of that number were captured and returned to slavery. At the 3rd session of the 25th Congress of the United States, twenty-two years after this event, a bill was reported by a Representative from one of the *free* States, giving \$5,000 from the Public Treasury, as a token of gratitude for the success of this enterprise, passed both Houses, was approved by the President, and became a law on the Statute Books.

G. C. R.



BISHOP D. A. PAYNE.

---

Hail ! thou aged Christian hero !  
Whither goest thy command ?  
“ Marching in the pathway narrow—  
To our King, Immanuel’s Land.”

What has been thy earthly mission ?  
Tell the tale of hope and fear :  
“ Study, teaching, exhortation,  
Preaching Gospel far and near.”

Where began thy great commission ?  
When was set an open door ?  
“ In my native city, Charleston ;  
Eighteen hundred thirty-four ;

Where I labored to establish  
Privileges of the school,  
Every day advance accomplish,  
Faithful service, was my rule.

I succeeded in this calling,  
In my school on Anson Street.  
But, alas ! the foe is planning,  
All my efforts to defeat.

Said a measure, which was drafted,  
In the Legislative hall :  
*Negroes must not be instructed.”*  
Ah ! ’twas darkness, like a pall !



'Fare ye well ! my lovely children !  
Seek God's wisdom, grace and love !  
Brighter scenes will surely open,  
Through the Father's hand above !'

Then, my preparation season,  
For God's work—the ministry;  
Which, with earnest aspiration  
I have served with constancy.

Prospered by the Lord, my Father ;  
Upheld, strengthened by His hand ;  
Bringing lost ones to the Saviour,  
Here and there throughout the land.

Laboring in the North, the Southland ;  
Laboring in the East, the West :  
Working for the heavenly restland—  
All my efforts have been blessed.

Early call to rule, a Bishop,  
" *Not sufficient !* " I confess ;  
Bowed I down in tears and worship,  
Feeling my unworthiness !

Still my Father has upheld me,  
All along my pilgrim way.  
Steadily his hand doth lead me  
Toward the realms of endless day."

Hast thou wearied on thy journey—  
Where the thorns and thistles prick?  
“*Fifty years* I’ve served my country,  
In the School, Church, Bishopric.

I would serve God ages longer;  
I would fight and win the crown!  
For with age my faith grows stronger:  
I would fight ‘*till sun goes down!*”

Hail! thou faithful Christian soldier!  
Leading proudly thy command:  
Journey on! in faith and vigor!  
Thou shalt reach Immanuel’s Land!

Thou hast done a work that ages  
Cannot dim on memory’s page,  
Though the storm, the tempest rages,  
It shall *live* from age to age!

In that land of Heavenly splendor,  
Where the pure in heart shall reign;  
Thou shalt there be crowned—a conqueror!  
DANIEL ALEXANDER PAYNE!



MRS. FRANCES ELLEN HARPER.

---

Faithful Frances Ellen Harper !

Truly noble are thy deeds !

Using pen and voice with vigor,

Thou hast scattered precious seeds !

Seeds of truth, of holy living,

Seeds of wisdom, temperance ;

Waking virtuous aspirations ;

Building up a sure defence,

Round our homes, our wives and mothers ;

Teaching lessons of great worth ;

Leading on our sons and daughters,

In the path of virtue—truth !

Lecturing in many a city,

With a tongue of living fire !

Pungent, eloquent and witty,

Thou dost reason and inspire !

With thy pen, in happy measure,

Thou hast sung the poet's song ;

Thou hast given us many a treasure—

Rich and beautiful and strong !

We admire thy noble record,

From thy spirit impulse take !

Earnestly contending upward,

Every day real progress make.



Long live Frances Ellen Harper !  
Voice and pen instruction give !  
Live thy earnest spirit ever !  
May thy work forever live !

When complete thy earthly missions  
And from toil thou art at rest :  
Still, may coming generations  
Testify, and call thee blest !

THE OLD FLAG.

---

“ The old flag never touched the ground !”  
The Sergeant cried, with beaming face ;  
He heeded not the flowing wound,—  
That noble hero of our race.

“ The old flag never touched the ground !”  
Amid the shower of leaden rain,  
He dragged his wounded limb along,  
Unmindful of the stinging pain.

“ The old flag never touched the ground !”  
He cried with pride, exultingly ;  
Admiring comrades gathered round,  
And cheered the hero heartily !

“ The old flag never touched the ground !”  
Brave Carney’s words shall ever live !  
Adown the ages shall resound,  
A charm, and aspiration give !

“ The old flag never touched the ground !”  
Ah ! patriot, hero, brave and pure !  
With pride we tell the tale around ;  
Thy fame and honor shall endure !

Honor to gallant Fifty-Fourth !  
Honor to color-sergeant, brave !  
O’er all our country—South and North,  
May stars and stripes forever wave !

“The old flag never touched the ground !”

With joy the golden motto write !

True courage lingers in the sound,

And inspiration in the sight.

\* *Note.*—Sergeant W. H. Carney, of New Bedford, Mass., was very severely wounded when the famous Fifty-fourth Regiment attacked Fort Wagner ; but he resolutely held up the stars and stripes, as he dragged his wounded limb along, amid a shower of bullets ; and when he reached his comrades he exclaimed exultingly, “The dear old flag has never touched the ground, boys !”



BISHOP CAIN.

---

Arrayed in the armor of his God,  
To war our hero went ;  
In haste the path of Duty trod,  
On the King's business sent.

He wore Salvation's helmet,  
For sandals Heavenly peace ;  
Above his heart the breastplate  
Of Truth and Righteousness.

To quench the fiery darts of ill,  
Of wickedness and doubt,  
The shield of Faith he carried still  
To keep the tempter out.

Proclaiming messages of love,  
Pointing to mercy seat !  
"Exhort, rebuke, instruct, reprove,"  
The order.—No retreat !

His *forte* was burning eloquence,  
His trusty sword the pen ;  
He fought for truth and temperance—  
To save the souls of men.

Of heroes who have bravely fought,  
To bring Immanuel's reign,  
Are none who grander deeds have wrought  
Than Bishop R. H. Cain.

## GENERAL SMALLS.

It was in Charleston Harbor,  
Nigh thirty years ago,  
That the gallant steamer *Planter*  
With grace plied to and fro,  
Laden with ammunition  
And food for Boys in Gray,  
Within the forts, that for defence,  
Surrounding Charleston lay.

There was among the sailors  
A negro, good and true,  
Who much preferred to Southern gray  
A uniform of blue.  
He worked within the wheel-house ;  
He knew the signal calls .  
And he resolved to run the lines—  
His name was Robert Smalls.

Before the other sailors  
He doth his plan unfold,  
And all but two think liberty  
Dearer than life or gold.  
And so they make arrangements :  
“ No matter what befalls,  
We'll make a run for freedom !”  
Said the heroic Smalls.



The ship lies at its moorings  
Near the "City by the Sea ;"  
The officers to spend the night  
And with companions be,  
Have left the ship well ladened  
With guns and cannon balls,  
Four sailors true, the engineer  
And pilot, Robert Smalls.

The night was dark and lonely,  
The hour was three o'clock ;  
When quietly the Planter  
Was steamed up to the dock.  
Aboard their wives and children  
In haste the leader calls ;  
It is an hour with danger fraught  
For hero, Robert Smalls !

Now, out upon the Harbor  
He steers with steady hand ;  
The shores look dark, forbidding,  
As he gazes to the land.  
They reach the point, Fort Sumter,  
Attention ! signal calls ;  
Promptly he blows the whistle !  
'Tis all right ! Pilot Smalls.



He steams past Morris Island,  
The signal answers back ;  
But Sumter signals " Something wrong !  
Arrest her in her track !"  
The guns from Morris Island,  
With ready cannon balls,  
Send forth a shower of iron hail  
At Pilot Robert Smalls.

But he is out of danger !  
'Tis an heroic feat !  
With all his power he urges  
Out to the Union fleet !  
But they mistake his signal—  
A storm of heavy balls  
Are ready now to deal out death !  
To gallant Robert Smalls !

Oh, joy ! they see his signal,  
And not a whit too soon !  
To save a tragedy that night  
Under the rising moon !  
But 'twas a happy moment  
As e'er to mortal falls !  
When the Union fleet received that ship  
From hero, Robert Smalls !

They've reached the Port of Freedom,  
 This gallant little band !  
 They sought the ground enchanted—  
 To them earth's promised land !  
 For they had felt for many years,  
 Grim slavery's crushing power !  
 It is a time supreme and blest—  
 It is a triumph hour !

\* \* \* \*

Detailed blockading pilot  
 He served the cause with pluck !  
 A guide to the *Crusader*,  
 The *Stono*,—*Keokuk*.  
 He made repeated trips along  
 The river, near the shore,  
 Removing the torpedoes thence  
 Which he had sunk before.

Sailing through Folly Island creek,  
 Under Confederate gun,  
 The *Planter* then was in command  
 Of Captain Nickerson,—  
 Commander was demoralized  
 As the leaden shower falls,  
 Fearless he takes the Captain's place—  
*Promoted ! Captain Smalls !*



He served the Union 'till the end  
Of the great civil strife ;  
Then, as a leader of his race,  
He entered public life.  
With honor served his native State  
As Representative.  
His work within the Senate will  
For generations live !

And in the State militia  
He filled an honored place,  
First Colonel, then a Brigadier,  
He served with skill and grace ;  
Then Major-General of the troops—  
This title to him falls.  
These places with distinction  
Are filled by General Smalls.

At National Convention,  
In eighteen-seventy-two  
He votes for Grant and Wilson,  
Those noble men, and true !  
In seventy-six and eighty  
He's called upon again,  
To stand by Hayes and Wheeler ;  
For Logan and for Blaine.



And then he served in Congress,  
With faithfulness, six years :  
A sturdy man, of common-sense,  
Consistent, without fears !  
We feel in him peculiar pride,  
As his record to us falls ;  
For he has acted well his part—  
*Honest Congressman Smalls.*

He failed of re election  
But not from failing vote ;  
Because the honest (?) Democrats  
Counted our hero out.  
But he is not defeated—  
To him our ruler calls !  
The message : You're appointed  
Collector, Robert Smalls.

In canvassing for General Smalls  
A good Republican  
Said—"I believe in all the world  
Smalls is the greatest man !"  
"Who's greater?" "Why, the Lord, of course,  
His match was never met !"  
"Ah !" he replied, triumphantly :  
*"Smalls is a young man yet!"*

Postscript

\* \* \* \*

He stood before the altar,  
And, standing by his side,  
A noble woman, good and true,  
A loving, trusting bride.  
He *trembled* when he said "I will ;"  
And perspiration falls,—  
This man of war, and Congress,  
Our hero, General Smalls.

"I knew the General, 'fore the war  
For fifteen years or more ;  
I'm sure that he was never known  
To tremble so before !"  
Well, many a man can calmly face  
Musket and cannon balls,  
Who fears to face a lady fair,—  
No wonder ! General Smalls !

They gather in his lovely home,  
At Beaufort's ocean side,  
His friends and guests, to wish him joy,  
And see his winning bride.  
We wish thee all the blessing  
That mortal lot befalls,  
Prosperity, and length of days—  
General, and Mrs. Smalls !



THE REASON WHY.\*

---

It is the eve of battle ;  
The soldiers are in line ;  
The roll of drum and bugle's blast  
Marshal that army fine.

The hour is fraught with mystery—  
A hush pervades that throng,  
And each one thinks of home and friends,  
And says at heart, "How long?"

The colonel rides before his men,  
His thoughtful brow is bare ;  
He calls the color-sergeant,  
And tenders to his care

---

\*In the December, 1884, number of the *AMERICAN MISSIONARY*, an article published contained the following incident :

"The First Louisiana Regiment of colored soldiers, recruited in New Orleans, was about to take its departure for the front. The Colonel, who for some reason could not accompany his men, presented the regimental flags to the color-sergeant. After a brief speech, full of patriotic feeling, he concluded with these words: "Color-guard, protect, defend, die for, but do not surrender these flags." The sergeant, upon receiving them, made this simple but noble response: "Colonel, I will bring back these colors to you in honor or report to God the reason why." And when, a few days afterward, during an assault on Port Hudson, he fell defending the flag, and his dying blood crimsoned its folds, another took his place and saved it from falling into the hands of the enemy. The brave standard-bearer kept his word, and in failing to return the colors to the hands that had committed them to his care, he "reported to God the reason why.'"



The nation's pride, the dear old flag—  
The loved *red, white and blue*,  
And says, with earnest tones and grave :  
"I intrust *this* now to you.

"Yes ; color-bearer, take in charge  
Your country's flag to-day,  
And to the conflict bear it—  
The thickest of the fray.

"Bear it with lofty courage,  
And to it faithful be ;  
This flag has inspired thousands,  
And led to victory.

"Take it and never leave it,  
'Tis a solemn charge to thee ;  
Bring back to *me* this banner,  
This ensign of the free !"

"Colonel," the color-sergeant said,  
Holding the flag on high ;  
"I'll bring it back or else report  
To *God* the reason why !"

Away to the front he bears it,  
Cheered on by comrades brave,  
Anxious to liberate his race,  
Bring freedom to the slave.

They charge upon Port Hudson,  
Where, sheltered by a wall,  
The foemen cut them down like grass,  
They bravely charge—but fall.

Yes, on that field, where thousands  
Unheeding the tumult lie,  
He left the flag, reporting  
To *God* the reason why.

Another bears that flag along,  
Holding it proud and high :  
But the sergeant has reported  
To *God* the reason why.

Oh, Christian soldier, going forth  
To battle for the Lord,  
Be filled with manly courage,  
And proudly bear God's word.

It is the standard of your King,  
Who rules the earth and sky ;  
You must win, through it, the vict'ry  
Or tell *Christ* the reason why.

The war will soon be ended :  
In the dust you soon will lie ;  
Go forth and conquer, or report  
To *God* the reason why.



MISS LUCY C. LANEY.\*

---

Not on the height of Bunker Hill  
Nor Concord's battle ground,  
Nor on the field of Vicksburg, will  
Our heroine be found.

Not in the annals of the wars  
That history records ;  
Not in sayings 'neath the stripes and stars  
Shall we hear her thrilling words !

But where the ranks of the coming men  
And women may be found,  
With books and slates and ready pen,  
Lo ! there is her battle ground !

Not where the din and conflict reach—  
Nor hideous bugle toot,  
But where the patient teachers, teach  
Ideas how to shoot !

---

\*NOTE.—Miss Laney is a graduate of Atlanta University, and has taught school for a number of years in various places in Georgia. She left Savannah, Ga. nearly five years ago, where she was receiving a salary of \$400.00 a year, and went to Augusta for the purpose of establishing an Industrial Boarding School, without the promise of aid from any one. She rented a large house (505 Calhoun Street,) became responsible for the support of teachers and the Boarding Department, and began work. The first year her school enrolled 140 pupils; the second, 250, and it has steadily increased in numbers, power and influence. A year ago, a benevolent northern lady gave her \$10,000 for the erection of a large Memorial School Building. A site was purchased and the building is now approaching completion. She expects to enter it this fall.

Any one desiring to communicate with her, can address her at 505 Calhoun St., Augusta, Ga.

G. C. R.



To reach the top her mind was bent ;  
Patience and faith her rule ;  
To-day she sits as President  
Of Haines Industrial School !

Among the women of our race  
We know of few, if any,  
Who fill a nobler, worthier place—  
Thou earnest LUCY LANEY !

WE ARE RISING.

---

Among the sayings of our race,  
Suggestive and surprising,  
That fills a most exalted place,  
Is, "*Tell them we are rising.*"

The question came from Doctor Roy—  
What to the North your greeting?  
The answer from a negro boy—  
"Tell them that we are rising!"

Within Atlanta's classic halls,  
This youth, self-sacrificing,  
Wrote high his name upon her walls,  
His motto: "We are rising!"

Out in the world he makes his mark,  
Danger and fear despising,  
E'er soaring upward like the lark,  
My Brethren: "We are rising!"

He meets the foe with voice and pen,  
With eloquence surprising!  
Give us a chance, for we are men!  
Most surely we are rising!

Rising to take our place beside  
The noble, the aspiring;  
With energy and conscious pride,  
To the best things, we're rising!

Within the class-room is his place,  
Greek, Latin, criticising,  
To raise the youthful of his race,  
And show the world we're rising !

Go forth, my friend, upon your way,  
Each obstacle despising,  
Prove by your efforts every day,  
To all that we are rising !

In farming, trade and literature,  
A people enterprising !  
Our churches, schools, and home life pure,  
Tell to the world WE'RE RISING !

---

NOTE.—About a score of years since, Dr. Jos. Roy, of the American Missionary Association, on visiting one of their schools in Georgia, asked the children : " What message shall I take from you to the people of the North ? An intelligent boy answered promptly : " Tell them that we are rising ! " That boy was Richard Wright, of Augusta, Ga., who has since graduated from Atlanta University, ably filled the editorial chair, and is now Principal of the High School, of Augusta, Ga. Indeed, he is " rising ! "



TEMPLES OF GOD.

---

Build thou with strength and beauty,  
A temple grand and fair !  
Foundation—truth and duty ;  
That temple—character !

Build thou with strength and beauty,  
Young friends of Avery School ;  
True wisdom gain through study ;  
Let prudence be thy rule.

With care erect the temple  
For His indwelling meet ;  
Thy character a temple,  
With pillars all complete.

The rock *Discrimination*,  
Which stands for truth and right !  
Faith, based on education—  
I *know*, experience light.

Faithful in much and little,  
Steadfast and firm each hour ;  
Through *Christ* retrieve the battle—  
*Fidelity* is power.

NOTE.—Written for, and used as a conclusion to the Baccalaureate Sermon preached to the Graduating Class of Avery Institute, at Centenary M. E. Church, Charleston, June 15, 1890, from the text found in 1 Kings, 7, 22: "On the top of the pillars was lily work."

Sincere in all life's action,  
A true and steadfast friend !  
To win sweet satisfaction,  
*Sincerity* defend.

The pillar of *Self-sacrifice*,  
Thy strength to others give ;  
To highest state of manhood rise—  
In light of virtue live !

The pillar of *Benevolence*,  
Love for humanity ;  
Encouragement for temperance  
And sweetest sympathy

The pillar strong of *Self-control*—  
Lay *firm* the corner-stone ;  
Let *Self-reliance* be thy goal ;  
A failure is the drone !

Above the pillars *lily-work*  
Of rare and rich design ;  
With Oriental handiwork  
And treasures of the mine.

The lily-work of *Confidence*  
Of *Faith* and *Gentleness* ;  
Of *Power* and true *Beneficence*  
Of *Love* and *Righteousness* !

Go forth thou class of Ninety,  
From Avery Institute !  
Go forth to do thy duty  
Through good and ill repute.

Stand firm among the heroes,  
The noble of thy race !  
Fear not life's raging billows  
Nor enemies to face.

Go forth to *all* life's duty,  
With purpose strong and true ;  
Live lives of worth and beauty,  
And faithful service do !

Go forth in golden days of youth.  
And scatter seeds abroad—  
To live in Virtue, Honor, Truth—  
Fit temples of our God !



HISTORIC TRUTH.

---

Truth sits enthroned within the sacred Word,  
Since time was born, her accents have been heard,  
Bringing men peace, enlightenment and joy,  
Giving the heart and mind a sweet employ.  
Those who have sought, have found a friend of worth,  
Gentle, refined, a queen of noble birth.  
Oh! Truth Inspired! how rich and full thy store!  
Possessing thee, what can we wish for more?  
Through thee we trace the way the Ancients trod,  
How they were led in providence of God;  
How they expand, are scattered far and wide,  
After deliv'rance from the surging tide.

Following thee in deep humility,  
Thou dost reveal—oh! depth of mystery!  
The mighty God, and King of heaven above,  
Father Divine, in wondrous, holy love,  
Making with man a covenant of grace,  
Op'ning the way to save a fallen race.  
Never again shall He destroy with flood,  
That He declared at first was very good;  
And on the clouds, a pledge of Truth Divine,  
He sets His bow, an everlasting sign.

Filled with delight, the father of a race  
Enters the way, through wine, of dark disgrace;  
In nakedness before his grandson's eyes,  
Standeth exposed—how can he but despise

One who forgets his spiritual birth?  
Forgets that God chose him of all the earth,  
Prophet to be, and priest of righteousness,  
To preach the truth, and thus the world to bless.  
But now his lips in malediction move,  
Anathema, where nought should be but love;  
And so the child is cursed for grandsire's crime,  
Himself, and his descendants for all time:  
"Servant of servants e'er shall Canaan be"—  
Punishment dire for thoughtless levity.

Three sons had Noah · all within the ark  
Secured a place, in safety to embark  
Across the flood, that they in joy might see  
A period new in the world's history.  
The surname of the elder son was Shem;  
The appellation of the second, Ham,  
And Japheth was the third—each with his wife  
Believed God's word, and thus insured his life.  
Shem journeyed east to make himself a home  
On Asia's soil, and there he ceased to roam.  
Japheth to the north and west his footsteps bent,  
For him the scenic land of Europe lent  
Her charms his mind and spirit to beguile,  
And there he paused and rested for awhile.  
Ham journeyed southward to the Syrian shore;  
Arabia's plains his sandaled footprints bore,  
And Africa, with all its wealth untold,  
Its precious woods, its ivory and gold—  
Spread out in unimagined bounty rare,  
Its gifts to him, its treasures rich and fair.



Here settled Ham, and early in these parts,  
Flourished the noblest sciences and arts ;  
Vast pyramids, construct with wondrous skill,  
Which stand to-day a questioning wonder still !  
What men are these, who built this mighty pile,  
With labyrinths most marvellous in style ?  
What men are these, who fully understand  
Geometry and mathematics grand ?  
Who, through the summit-opening, afar,  
Can, ev'n at midday spy the Polar-star ?  
What men are these ? Most surely, it is plain,  
Men of rich culture, intellect and brain.

These are the men to whom we look with pride—  
Our ancestry ; in sciences the guide  
To all the world—no need is there of shame,  
No reason why we should despise *our* name !  
Then let us all scan well the historic page,  
Tracing the line direct from age to age ;  
Thus gaining light, encouragement and zeal,  
That in life's work, our hearts may always feel  
A conscious power, a manhood pure and free,  
Which is in truth the highest liberty !



MOVE FORWARD !





